OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.] NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1826. [NO. 128.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

CHARITY.

1 *Corinthians, 13th Chapter.*

In vain we hope for Heav'nly peace,
Or sweet delight in pray'r;
Or think our hearts with grace increase,
If hatred rankles there.

Fair *Charity*, that peaceful guest,
Must dwell within the heart;
For God denies the cold request,
Where love can bear no part.

Not gold nor incense, can compare
With this celestial grace;
All must possess this virtue rare,
Who see the Saviour's face.

If with an Angel's tongue we speak,
All mysteries can explore;
And knowledge richest treasures seek,
Yet vain is all our store;

For faith, and gifts, and tongues, shall cease,
And knowledge fade away;
But Charity shall still increase,
And bloom in endless day.

See charity, in suff'rings meek,
Nor wears fell envy's frown;
Her neighbors' good will kindly seek,
Nor humble worth disown.

She weeps when vice, and guilt abound,
Reproves with kindest art;
Is pleas'd wherever truth is found,
Where virtue rules the heart.

Bears, and believes, and hopes the best,
For little can be known
Of others' hearts; but tries to test,
If love pervades her own.

But soon shall clearer light be giv'n,
Each grace be lost in love;
We need not faith and hope in Heav'n,
But love must dwell above. A.

[From the American Traveller.]

"*God created man in his own image.*"

The ideas which have been formed of the Nature of God when compared with the works of his own hands, have served rather to confuse than enlighten mankind on a subject which seems to elude the purest and most sublime conceptions of the human mind. Angels may indeed exclaim in the exultation of their perfection "Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD Almighty." The rock on which many believers have split when tracing this image of man up to his Maker, lost in the thought that although revelation and reason seem to have felt the nature of him whom all mankind are wont to worship in some form or other unexplained, still when we consider our own power of creation—our own formation of our thoughts and imaginations, springing as they do intuitively into existence, being in themselves an organ of self conception; we view a faint but perfect image of GOD. Instead of this perfect and best work of the Almighty, as created to fill the beautiful space of creation, being a work of accident and chance, as the Philosophy of the French polemicks have promulgated; every thing in nature points its origin to an all wise and powerful conception, existing in eternity, uncreated and unchanged—in himself possessed of the power of Creation; not only of ideas but of embodying these ideas in every possible form of comeliness. That this Spirit exists it would be impossible to deny. That it exists in man by his own power, his nature disowns. That it must exist somewhere, all being proclaims—that it is unchanging and ever the same, reason and everlasting truth confirms. And it is with the most delightful views of his goodness, —we trace the lineaments of perfection, when he led the primeval couple in paradise in the cooling shades and along the rivers of Eden. And although this beautiful paradise is changed, and sin, the monster of man's own creation, by misdeeds and transgressions ranges unconfined; yet enough remains of this once perfect Creation, to lead us to love and adore a being who could make us to enjoy so much of innocence and happiness in a world condemned to a state of probation, for their transgression. "And as in Adam all have sinned so by the resurrection of Christ are all men made alive."* If man had been deserted and left simply to the light of conscience, and the imagination of his own heart, till the effect of example, habit, and sympathy had destroyed the little ray of innocence that remained; the appearance of a "Saviour who should draw all men unto him," was the only means that remained to reinstate mankind in the path of their duty. Happy for them that what had been foretold by the Prophets and Patriarchs of old, was fully accomplished, and we hope is now going on by human agency to complete the design of a wise Providence.

There is nothing more natural than the arrogating to ourselves or to chance our own Creation. And the worst species of idolatry is that which can create images of our own to worship, and placing a reliance on those frail images, which are idols of our own fabrication, and neglecting the only incentive to good and virtuous actions—the love of our Maker—we at length forget our duty to him and the design of our being—losing sight of that glorious approximation of man to his Creator.

It is pleasing to trace the perfections of the Diety in all his works—in the deeds of his Son, who proclaims in the Spirit, that GOD had preordained this Spirit of Virtue which it was his grand purpose to accomplish before the world was made; and that this Spirit pervaded the actions of godly men of old; and although the Jews exultingly exclaimed that they had Moses and Abraham for their Father, still the consciousness of the Saviour knew he did the deeds and will of his Father, and that they had prescribed to themselves rules and laws which were not those of Moses and Abraham, but the machinations of the Devil. It was with arguments like these, and the beauty of holy examples—the working of miracles—the life, death and resurrection of Christ, that wrought in the minds of a believing and unbelieving world the radical change of life, and virtue which has been handed down to this generation.† And we have reason to hope that the reign of those who had "hid their faces from the sight of their Maker; and knew not GOD," and have made unto themselves the likeness of graven images, even in the heart and imaginations are daily becoming convinced of the truth, that although veiled in clouds and darkness, that "GOD is light and in him is no darkness at all."

---

† Romans, Chap. V. and 19v.

THE REPOSITORY.

MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD COAT.

——Quæque ipse—vidi.
Et quorum Pars magna fui.

I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most impertinently wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at hom even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy, he can neither sit, stand, nor go like a reasonable mortal.

All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one on. New coat is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his senseless phiz; a disgusting keeping in the portrait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons! Avaunt, thou blue coat! Hence, horrible substance, broadcloth mockery, hence! But come, thou old coat, fair and free: be thou my muse; be thou my Charon! Conduct me to the Elysium of threadbare essayists, battered beaus, and jobbing tailors, where the genius of shreds and patches dwells in some fairy Monmouth-street, while eternal cabbage springs beneath his feet.

An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at the first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired.

An old coat is favorable to retirement and study. When your coat is old you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles. I cannot conceive how they could manage it. I could no more write an article in a new coat than in a strait waistcoat. Were I to attempt it, my very good friends, the public, would be severe sufferers.

A happy thought, by the way, jut strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced, that Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron without any coat at all. Geoffry Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new nor old. Cobbet in a coat very often turned. Moore in a very handsome brown frock, and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a night gown, of fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Mr. Woodsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelly wrote in dreadnought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical.

Your old coat is a good moralist; it recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head as long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last night to the Theatre; I consulted my old coat, and remained at home to write for the benefit of posterity.

I cannot say that I have so much attachment to other aged articles of dress as to an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough; but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a pinch; their friendship rests on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

Not so an old coat; it sticks by you to the last. With a little care you may wear it for years, nay, for life. The vulnerable parts of an old coat are the arm-pits, the elbows, and the skirts; of those you must be cautious. I remember a friend who was rather attached to emphatic gesticulation, and used to elevate his arms to an indiscreet height long after his coat had passed its grand climacteric; this should be avoided. I recollect another, an old brother soldier, who, Joseph like, left his skirts in his washerwoman's hands one morning, and went to the parade in a short jacket, though not belonging to the light infantry.

I have seen an old coat appear to great advantage on the body of a great buck; as thus; he was well dressed in all other respects, immaculate waistcoat, unexceptionable inexpressibles, silk stockings in perfect health, but coat as old as Adam. Thus attired he used to caper at a ball with immense applause. Next morning he visited his partners in a suit that Sir Richard Steele would call fire-new.

The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages in an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice of an old coat, is, the exercise it affords the genius of the wearer. Judgment, taste and fancy are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising and setting it off to the best advantage. I found a friend the other day busily engaged on a blue coat that to all appearance was in the very last stage of decreptitude. First, he patched the elbows, &c. and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing and dusting, a ticklish operation, let me tell you. Then came watering; your water is a sore refresher of your whoreson old coat. Then came a second brushing, with a soft brush. Then he took a spunge, dipped in ink mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams of the garment withal. Lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of soft leather. After all this, the coat was not to be recognised by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough and toothless, and the very same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows and new black wig.

[From the National Advocate.]

MISERIES—A WET DAY.

"WIND N. N. E. Do you wish to know what misery is? It is being without business during a long northeast storm—the very mention of the fact is sufficient—patter, patter, patter, drizzle, drizzle; all out doors wet, sloppy, muddy; all inside dark, sombrous and chilly! but, above all, a lawyer's office during such a season! dripping umbrellas, soaked hats, wet shoes, steaming clothes, muddy floors, paper blotty and damp, every thing bearing the touch of the grim invader—the street presents nothing to enliven the scene—closed carriages rattling by, the water pouring from their tops, wide spread umbrellas soaked and dripping—a straggling hog which seems to have lost its pen and reason, (for what but an unreasonable hog would venture out,) is snouting among the mud and filth, in scent of something wherewith to recompense himself for his absence from his sty—a stray wheel-barrow, covered with an old painted cloth to keep out the rain, with its owner with a huge drab, metal-buttoned, bear-skin, sailor coat, from which rise vapor and steam in profusion, may peradventure cross your eyes; a jogging cart, with its horse half asleep, and driver not much better, may startle you for a moment into something like life and consciousness, but it passes away with the sound of the cart; gutters pouring down their channels a mingled stream of rain water and filth, and the gutters from the houses belching forth large volumes of water, are the only things which fancy can convert to amusing objects; the former it might compare to running brooks, and the latter to a waterfall among rocks—but bless us, the next umbrella that passes breaks the illusion—within, all is desolate and drear! books look cross for want of employment, clients stingy, and customers poor—want to go out, and have to buy an umbrella—get your feet wet, and not find a person at home you wanted to see—step back again—may be amused on the way to see children standing and playing with bare legs in the gutters; but this is counterbalanced by a draught on your sympathy at the sight of miserable old beggars, with their baskets scarcely half filled with doubly soaked *cold victuals*, or that of younger ones just entered on the profession, quarrelling about a piece of soaked bread—if you look down the cross streets to the water, the river is enveloped in mist—distant objects are scarcely visible, and all is wet, comfortless and cold—if you look up to the steeples you see the provoking vanes ever pointing north-east, north-east, north-east—"well," you are forced to exclaim with a shrug, "this is fairly a three days' siege—tol lol le lol lol"—but it wont do, the rain outsings you, patter, patter, patter, patter—well, you reach home again—instead of smiling faces and jolly countenances, you meet cross, desponding, surly looks—one says 'heigh ho!' another, 'Lord what a rain,' another, 'misery,' and another, 'd—n such weather'—refinement in language is entirely banished, and the gross, cross expressions of nature are predominant—if you are in love, and think of the fair one, the intervening distance of wet walks and muddy roads is sure to break the chain of your ideas, and dampen the rising warmth of your feelings—you picture her to yourself, sitting at her window, looking out on the watery prospect, desponding, pensive and peevish—perhaps she is thinking of you, perhaps soliloquizing about you—hark! what does she say? "pitter, patter, pitter, patter—Oh, cruel, merciless rain!"—your tongue is blabbing every where—yet there is one comfort left which even the storm cannot drive away—it may dampen it, but it does not weaken it: a quid or a segar will instantly resuscitate your drowned spirits, and open upon you fresh, smiling and sun-shining scenes—is it so, Mr. Editor?

A LAWYER'S CLERK.

The misjudged, excentric and ingenious speeches of Mr. RANDOLPH, [last winter,] on the resolution requesting of the President of the United States such information as may be in his possession relative to the principles and practice of the Spanish American States, in regard to Negro Slavery, brings to mind the story related of a certain woman in Vermont at the time of the American Revolution. She had for a long time been accustomed to call upon the post-rider as he passed her dwelling and make the usual inquiry—"*What news to-day? What news from the Northern Army?*" "Why, madam," says he—in an air of great concern, being vexed with her unceasing inquiries and desirous of getting rid of her, without the effrontery of a direct reproof—"terrible news—dreadful news!" "Dreadful news, Sir!" replies she; "pray, what is it?" "Why, hav'nt you heard that the Indians were going to turn lake Champlain over here and drown us all!" At this she started with agony, saying that she would call on the parish priest, and there inquire and ascertain of him the truth of this report. On approaching his door, she accosted him thus: "Sir, the post informs me that the Indians are about to turn lake Champlain over and drown us all!" "Dear madam," replies he, "be composed; such a transaction is impossible, if we believe in the truth of GOD's word, by which we are assured that the world having once been drowned can never be again." "GOD's word—GOD's word," said she, "has nothing to do in drowning us; no, it is the c——d Indians that will accomplish the business." Thus, it was the opposition to Mr. ADAMS, not to the Panama Mission, that called forth the exertions of Mr. Randolph: it was not the Indians, mixed bloods, and Negroes, that he was afraid of, as his own descent is acknowledged to have been derived from the wild man of the forest. The present administration was what he strove to convulse, but the effect of his doings were as imbecile and discreditable to his talents as the object of the undertaking was hopeless and unworthy.

Vermont Aurora.

General Ethan Allen, of Green-mountain-boy memory, a part of whose history makes the foundation of a very pleasing tale written by Mr. Barker, of Philadelphia, in the Atlantic Souvenir of 1826, was taken prisoner by the British and carried to England during our revolutionary struggle; he was there imprisoned in the tower; he was continually subject to the tampering of the ministry, who were all well aware of his influence in his own part of the country; his peculiar and impatient temper writhed and chafed with indignation at the ordeal his fidelity to his cause and country was forced to endure. One day when splendid offers of American territory were made to him by a noble Lord, high in the cabinet, when fat acres and rich farms were tendered to him as the price of his patriotism; enraged beyond bearing, he burst out in a furious rage, and after venting many curses, he ended his *tirade* by exclaiming "By the Eternal Jehovah, you are tempting me, as Satan tempted our Saviour in the wilderness, when neither the Devil nor you possess nor ever will, one inch of the rich lands you offer."—*Nat. Gaz.*

CURIOUS RENCONTRE. A whimsical affair happened some years ago at a small church in Wales. The clergyman having a tame goat which followed him to church, and sat under the pulpit; the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian who sat opposite to him, that taking the frequent inclinations of the head for a challenge to combat, he made a violent butt at his supposed antagonist, who not perceiving front, whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next him. The person, who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him the next morning, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading a commentary in the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that the goat was the aggressor, he observed that if the people "despised divine service, it would be no wonder if beasts of the field was to rise up all the chapokins in the country."

The good sayings of the low Irish are proverbial. The truth of this was never more apparent than one day about a fortnight since, near Southampton Quay. A number of Irish recruits, who might have been mistaken as about to join *Falstaff's* ragged regiment, were there collected, awaiting, with some degree of impatience, a passage to the Isle of Wight. They had been given to understand they were to go by the steam-packet, and were overheard disputing as to how steam could impel the vessel. At this moment, a short, fat, red-faced, well-dressed, waddling man, came broiling down the street, evidently afraid of being too late, his hat in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, wiping from his bald pate the perspiration that profusely bedewed it. He reached the opposite side of the street, when one of the recruits vociferated, "Paddy, paddy, houd your bother, by J——s, but there's a man going by *stame* sure enough!" A peal of laughter resounded from the bystanders; the little fat gentleman cast an angry glance over his left shoulder, forced his white handkerchief into his pocket, dashed on his hat with a jerk, and waddled precipitately into an adjoining public house.

A Scottish preacher lately used this simile in a sermon. 'My friends, the steps to free grace are like the fish-market stairs, very slippery, and not easy to keep, even when you get your feet on them, for the first time.'

GENIUS. "I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Sir, Isaac Newton said of himself, "That if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

---

*St. John, VIII Chap. from the 12th verse.

THE BOWER.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

'Tis but the daystar's earliest glance!
The dawn is sleeping darkly still,
And wherefore do these bands advance
In silence to the lonely hill?
They wait Judea's promised king,
Whose arm of power shall set them free;
And hence their hopes thus warmly cling,
Thou lowly Son of Man, to thee.

Is this their king? His head is crown'd
Only with pearls of morning dew;
His throne—the cold, unsheltered ground,
His poor attendants—faint and few.
Away! away! their hope grows dim;
But passion blazes wild and high,
And eyes are sternly bent on him
That almost whisper—Thou shalt die!

He moves with mild, commanding air,
He speaks in tones divinely sweet,
And every lip is breathless there,
And every heart hath ceased to beat.
'Tis all a trancing hush beneath
As when the strains of angels flow,
Who leave the burning throne to breathe
Their heaven upon the world below!

They long for one revenging hour
To wake Judea's old renown;
They long for an archangel's power
To dash their hated tyrants down.
Each hand is starting to the hilt;
Each heart is fain to swell the flood,
To drown the scars of Roman guilt,
And quench their country's wrath in blood.

The Saviour speaks—and all around
The tones fall gently on the hill;
E'en Nature pauses at the sound,
And all her elements are still.
The gales that herald morning's hour
Sink noiseless as the dying sigh,
While each stern spirit feels their power,
And lays its treasur'd fury by.

Hear they aright? 'The humble, poor,
The mourners and the meek are blessed;
For them shall GOD unbar the door
That leads to vales of heavenly rest.
The gentle sons of peace and love,
Who dry one source of human tears,
Shall wear a glorious crown above,
Through heaven's unending march of years.'

He points them to the red cloud's wings,
Above the radiant east unfurl'd;
And lo! the sun majestic springs
In gladness on the waking world.
The rocks and hills—the waves and shore—
The field and forest all are bright,
And Nature's thousand voices pour
Her full heart-breathings of delight.

'Tis like your GOD! his gentle rain,
His liberal sunshine widely falls
Alike upon the desert plain,
And yonder city's towering walls;
The undeserving of his care,
And they whose thoughts are all above,
The guilty and the grateful share
A father's never weary love.

Be like thy GOD—be like the sun—
And where thy healing power extends,
Let willing deeds of love be done
Alike to enemies and friends;
Then like yon city, lifted high
Above the cold world thou shalt be,
And spirits that would fain deny,
Shall yield their grateful praise to thee.

At his command yon lily springs,
With more than royal pomp displayed;
And not the proudest of your kings
Was half so gloriously arrayed.
He sends those careless birds to float
Delighted in the golden ray;
He gives the music of their note,
And feed them through life's little day.

Those wild-flowers that so proudly rise,
Have each its birthright from on high,
And not a stricken sparrow dies,
Without a mandate from the sky.
Then fear not—GOD will hear thy prayer,
Will guard thee safe from every harm,
Thy life will bless with constant care,
And death of all its power disarm.

Behold that straight and upward way
Where travellers move apart and slow,
And that broad road where thousands stray
Upon the flowery vale below!
The last is like the path to pain;
The narrow leads to worlds of joy,
Where that pure happiness shall reign,
Which death may never more destroy.'

Thus long he speaks—and long their eyes
In musing on the earth they cast;
Their gaze is chained in deep surprise,
And passion's glances all are passed.
Long—long their troubled hearts shall keep
The memory of that mighty charm,
Which spread as o'er the stormy deep
A sudden and a waveless calm. W.

AGRICULTURAL.

It is often asserted, and by farmers themselves, that *nothing can be made* by Agriculturalists. That this numerous and respectable portion of our citizens, taken as a whole, do in fact make little or nothing more than a bare support for themselves and families, cannot be denied. But this does not prove the incapability of their business being made lucrative when properly conducted. Its unprofitableness, there is reason to believe, is to be attributed principally to an injudicious and mistaken policy in conducting it, or to carelessness and inattention.—Among the capital errors of our practical farmers, may be ranked a disregard to manuring and tilling their lands sufficiently. Although much has already been said on the subject, yet it is one which cannot be too often brought into view, so long as the present system is pursued.—Most of our farmers attempt to improve more land than what they can attend to advantageously. If they would expend all their labor and manure on one third, or at most one half the quantity of land they now do generally, they would in most instances, obtain twenty-five or fifty per cent. more produce; and the danger of a total failure in their crops would be greatly lessened.

This is not theory unsupported by experience. Fortunately there are many practical proofs of it in almost every town in the State. Our soil of medium fertility, when properly dressed, will, in ordinary seasons, produce from one and a half to two and a half tons of hay per acre; from forty to sixty bushels of corn; from thirty to forty bushels of oats and other small grains, and all other products in the same proportions: whereas the same lands under the present system, do not yield more than half the above mentioned quantities.

But in regard to pasture lands the difference is still greater. Little or no attention is paid by the great mass of farmers to grounds of this description—consequently their products are generally very inferior both in quantity and quality. Perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say, that from four to five acres are now usually required for pasturing one cow; whereas that quantity of land ought to afford sufficient for at least two. Indeed two cows have been pastured in this town, most of the time during the present season, and might have been all the time, on less than two acres. They have been and still are in the finest order, and have been deep milkers. This is a fact that has fallen under our observation, and is fully illustrative of the point we would establish. It is granted that there are but few cows that would, with the same keeping, have given the same quantity of milk. Should it be asked, why? the answer is obvious. From a want of proper attention and care, our farms are generally stocked with an inferior and degenerate breed of cattle, which actually impoverish their owners. This suggests the consideration of a second error in the present system of agriculture—the want of a due attention to the breeds and qualities of domestic animals.

Massachusetts (Wor.) *Yeoman.*

THE OLIO.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

Imprisonment seems not much to have disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies.

It was in prison that Boetheus composed his excellent book on the Consolations of Philosophy.

Grotius wrote in his confinement, his Commentary on St. Matthew.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his elegant paraphrases on the Psalms of David.

Pelisson during five years confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardor his studies in the Greek language, in Philosophy, and particularly in Theology, and produced several good compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

A well known, and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet prison for debt, but whose name has not been preserved.

Louis the Twelfth, when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken prisoner at the battle of St. Auban, was long confined in the tower of Bourges; and applying himself to his studies which he had hitherto neglected, he became in consequence an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, Queen of Henry the Fourth, King of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of literature; and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First during his cruel confinement at Hollingsby, wrote that excellent book, entitled "The Portrait of a King;" which he addressed to his son, and where political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus. This work however has been attributed by his enemies to Dr. Gawden, who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote some very charming poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement; and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh produced in his confinement, his History of the World, of waom it is observed, to employ the language of Hume—"They had leisure to reflect on the hardship, not to say the injustice, of his sentence. They pitied his active and enterprising spirit, which languished in the rigors of confinement. They were struck with the extensive genius of the man who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and to execute so great a work as his History of the World."

COURTESIES OF ENEMIES. Sometimes, in the course of a campaign, a small river only divides the opposed armies, and the outposts chat familiarly across a brook. The author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" relates the following occurrence as having taken place during the campaign in Portugal:—Walking by the river side, we observed several French officers. They saluted us with a Bon jour, "Messieurs," and we soon fell into conversation. They were exceedingly courteous.—They asked after Lord Wellington; praised him greatly for his conduct of the campaign. They next inquired, if our king was not dead; and on our replying that he was not, one of them repeated "Le general dit, que tout le monde aime votre Rio George, qu'il a ete bon pere de famile et bon pere de son peuple."—A great deal of good humor prevailed; we quizzed each other freely.—They had a theatre; and asked us to come over, and witness the performance of that evening, which would be, "L'entree des Francois dans Lisbon." A friend of mine most readily replied, that he recommended to them "La repetition d'une nouvelle piece, La Fuite des Francois." They burst into a long, loud and general laugh; the joke was too good, too home. Their General, however, did not think it wise to remain longer; but he pulled off his hat, and wishing us good day with perfect good humor, went up the hill, and the group immediately dispersed.

A FINE WOMAN. It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the Proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praise chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other opens her mouth with wisdom and is perfectly acquainted with all the use of the needle, distaff and the loom.—The business of the one is pleasure—the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad; the other at home. "Her children rise up and call her blessed—her husband also praiseth her." There is no name in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language with which the grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

The Sphinx (according to Heathen mythology) was a great riddle-maker. She was half a woman and half a lion: she lived near Thebes, and to every one that came she proposed a riddle, and if they did not find it out she devoured them. At length Œdipus came, and she asked him "What is that animal which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" Œdipus answered, *Man:*—in childhood, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks on two; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot.

MR. PERKINS. The English are a very grasping people indeed. They will not let any other country possess an ingenious minded man in peace. Robespierre they claim as their own. He was a butcher at Brighton named *Robert Spiers!* Every officer of our navy during the last war was born and bred in England! So in one of their late papers, they have a long article about Perkins, the engineer, whom they speak of as "our countryman"—"an Englishman," &c. &c. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. John Bull. Perkins is *our* countryman, and he is a *New*-England man. [*Bost. Trav.*

During the late sharply contested electioneering campaign, in one of the neighboring Counties, a very active man was about stirring up his friends to go to the polls—when at length, he came across a broad featured descendant of Wouter Van Twiler, and desired to know, whether he would support Mr. Clinton. The substantial yeoman replied, with more zeal than intelligence:—"No! dat I vont—He hash make te tam Titsh across me varm, un vont bay me a grout—un more den dat, py tunder un blizzen—*he ish von tampt Glintonian!*"

[Black Rock Gazette.

A German literatus has discovered that the word in Hebrew which is commonly translated *rib*—more properly signifies *tongue*, and consequently that Eve was taken out of Adam's *tongue.*

FOR SALE at the *Oxford Bookstore*, *ALMANACKS* stitched in Marble Covers, with Blank Leaves.
Dec. 7.

ASA BARTON,
AGENT FOR THE
New-England Insurance Company,
Capital 200,000 Dollars,
continues to issue Polices at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the *OXFORD BOOKSTORE.*
Paris, Nov. 16.

SCHOOL BOOKS
AND
Stationary,
For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

MORSES, Cummings', Adams', Goldsmith's, Woodbridge's and Worcester's GEOGRAPHY and ATLAS; Cummings' Easy Lessons; Perry's, Walker's, and Johnson's DICTIONARIES; Murray's, Fisk's, and Ingersol's GRAMMARS; Young Ladies' Accidence; Whelpley's Compend, with Questions; Scott's Lessons; English Reader; American Preceptor; Columbian Orator; Murray's Introduction; Murray's Sequel; Evangelical Instructor; Museum; Student's Companion, *new edition;* Pike's, Walsh's, Bezout's and Kinne's ARITHMETICS; Webster's and Gondale's SPELLING BOOKS; Scholar's First Book; with most School Books used in this part of the State—All of which will be sold cheap, either by the dozen or single.
ALSO,—Writing and Cyphering Books; Quills; Ink Powder; Slates and Pencils; Paper, &c. *Nov.* 16.

Capt. John Evans' Estate.

THE subscribers have been commissioned by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and allow claims upon the estate of JOHN EVANS, late of Fryeburg, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, and will attend to that service, at the office of STEPHEN CHASE, Esq. in said Fryeburg, on the second Monday of January and on the second Monday of February next. Claims, to be allowed, must be proved.
JOHN STUART BARROWS,
HENRY C. BUSWELL.
Fryeburg, Nov. 13, 1826. 12*5

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN
Anodyne Liniment,
OR,
LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma, for hard, dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or otherwise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness which has recently occurred, and for pains and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white, or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.

I the subscriber do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skilful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of GOD on this excellent preparation, that I am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise." LEVI CLARK.
Franklin, Sept 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.
CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

☞Sold Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON, at the *Oxford Bookstore*, who is agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Proprietor at Sullivan, Me. by the principal Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield, Smith and Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston. o3wly 125

Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the
Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827.
Also, for sale by Thomas Crocker, Esq. and Maj. John Dennett, *Paris*, and Mr. Increase Robinson, *Norway.* *Nov.* 16.

ANDERSON'S COUGH DROPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of this invaluable Medicine for the cure of *Coughs* and *Consumptions*, has just been received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, both in large and small bottles.—It is deemed wholly unnecessary to insert any of the numerous Certificates given in favor of this truly valuable Medicine, as the numerous calls for it by the afflicted fully test the estimation in which it is held by the public.
Price—Large bottles, one dollar—Small do. fifty cents. *Nov.* 16.

INDELIBLE INK,

FOR marking on Cotton and Linen, for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.*
Nov. 16.

LAST NOTICE.

THE subscriber will place in an Attorney's hands all of his unsettled accounts and notes, in sufficient time to be sued for the next term of the Court of Common Pleas in January next. H. R. PARSONS.
Paris, Oct. 31, 1826. 6w 123

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. JOHN WHIPPLE.
Hooksett, June, 1823.

☞For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the *Oxford Bookstore.*

HARTFORD PETITION.

To the Hon. the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled.

THE undersigned inhabitants of the town of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, respectfully represent that from the geographical condition of their town and the mountainous character of their lands, they are deprived of many of the conveniences enjoyed by other towns generally, and are put to very great inconveniences in assembling to transact their public town business, and other necessary affairs—that from the peculiar location of the town no central point is afforded for those purposes—that there is neither gristmill or sawmill of any efficiency, nor any water machinery in the whole town, nor any water privilege sufficient to afford a permanent mill site for either of those purposes; from which causes few mechanics settle in the town, and its inhabitants are obliged to go abroad for all accommodations of this character—that for those purposes and for transacting their mercantile concerns, those of the inhabitants living on the south part of the town, go to Buckfield Village, where their roads concentrate, while those on the north part go chiefly to Canton, and some to Sumner.

The undersigned therefore confidently believe it would greatly conduce to the general good of the inhabitants, that the town should be divided, and a part annexed to Buckfield, a part to Canton, and a part to Sumner, and your petitioners being on the southerly side of the town, for the reasons above given, respectfully request, that that part of Hartford lying southerly of the line running between lots numbers ten and eleven in the first range, and thence due east across the town, may be set off and annexed to Buckfield, to become a part of that town, and as in duty bound will ever pray.
DAVID WARREN, and 72 others.
Hartford, November 9, 1826. 12*

To the Hon. the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled.

THE undersigned inhabitants of the town of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, respectfully represent, that from the geographical condition of their town, and the mountainous character of their lands, they are deprived of many of the conveniencies enjoyed by other towns generally, and are put to very great inconvenience in assembling to transact their public town business—That from the peculiar location of the town no central point is afforded for these purposes—that there is neither gristmill or sawmill of any efficiency, nor any water machinery in the whole town; nor any water privilege sufficient to afford a permanent mill site for either of those purposes; from which cause few mechanics settle in the town, and its inhabitants are obliged to go abroad for all accommodations of this character. That for these purposes and for transacting their mercantile concerns, those of the inhabitants who live on the south part of the town, go to Buckfield Village, where their roads concentrate, while those on the north part go chiefly to Canton.

The undersigned therefore confidently believe it would greatly conduce to the general good of the inhabitants, that the town should be divided, and a part annexed to Buckfield and a part to Canton; and your petitioners being on the northerly part of the town, for the reasons above given, respectfully request, that that part of Hartford lying northerly of a line running between lots No. 10 and 11 in the first range, and thence due east, across the town, may be set off and annexed to Canton.
OAKES THOMPSON, and 67 others.
Hartford, Oct. 20, 1826. 12*

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*—
Ballou's Notes on the Parables, new edition;
Winchester's Dialogues;
Kneeland's Sermons on Divine Benevolence;
Ballou's Review;
Kneeland's and McCalla's Controversy on the question of Endless Misery;
Balfour's Inquiry;
Universalists' Hymn Books;
Union of Christ and the Church;
Sermons, &c. *Nov.* 23.

The Observer
Is published every Thursday morning, by
ASA BARTON,
(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)
at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay *cash* within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

☞The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount received for its insertion.

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.] NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1826. [NO. 128.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

CHARITY.

1 Corinthians, 13th Chapter.

In vain we hope for Heav'nly peace,
Or sweet delight in pray'r;
Or think our hearts with grace increase,
If hatred rankles there.

Fair *Charity*, that peaceful guest,
Must dwell within the heart;
For God denies the cold request,
Where love can bear no part.

Not gold nor incense, can compare
With this celestial grace;
All must possess this virtue rare,
Who see the Saviour's face.

If with an Angel's tongue we speak,
All mysteries can explore;
And knowledge richest treasures seek,
Yet vain is all our store;

For faith, and gifts, and tongues, shall cease,
And knowledge fade away;
But Charity shall still increase,
And bloom in endless day.

See charity, in suff'rings meek,
Nor wears fell envy's frown;
Her neighbors' good will kindly seek,
Nor humble worth disown.

She weeps when vice, and guilt abound,
Reproves with kindest art;
Is pleas'd wherever truth is found,
Where virtue rules the heart.

Bears, and believes, and hopes the best,
For little can be known
Of others' hearts; but tries to test,
If love pervades her own.

But soon shall clearer light be giv'n,
Each grace be lost in love;
We need not faith and hope in Heav'n,
But love must dwell above. A.

[From the American Traveller.]

"God created man in his own image."

The ideas which have been formed of the Nature of God when compared with the works of his own hands, have served rather to confuse than enlighten mankind on a subject which seems to elude the purest and most sublime conceptions of the human mind. Angels may indeed exclaim in the exultation of their perfection "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." The rock on which many believers have split when tracing this image of man up to his Maker, lost in the thought that although revelation and reason seem to have felt the nature of him whom all mankind are wont to worship in some form or other unexplained, still when we consider our own power of creation—our own formation of our thoughts and imaginations, springing as they do intuitively into existence, being in themselves an organ of self conception; we view a faint but perfect image of God. Instead of this perfect and best work of the Almighty, as created to fill the beautiful space of creation, being a work of accident and chance, as the Philosophy of the French polemicks have promulgated; every thing in nature points its origin to an all wise and powerful conception, existing in eternity, uncreated and unchanged—in himself possessed of the power of Creation; not only of ideas but of embodying these ideas in every possible form of comeliness. That this Spirit exists it would be impossible to deny. That it exists in man by his own power, his nature disowns. That it must exist somewhere, all being proclaims—that it is unchanging and ever the same, reason and everlasting truth confirms. And it is with the most delightful views of his goodness, —we trace the lineaments of perfection, when he led the primeval couple in paradise in the cooling shades and along the rivers of Eden. And although this beautiful paradise is changed, and sin, the monster of man's own creation, by misdeeds and transgressions ranges unconfined; yet enough remains of this once perfect Creation, to lead us to love and adore a being who could make us to enjoy so much of innocence and happiness in a world condemned to a state of probation, for their transgression. "And as in Adam all have sinned so by the resurrection of Christ are all men made alive."* If man had been deserted and left simply to the light of conscience, and the imagination of his own heart, till the effect of example, habit, and sympathy had destroyed the little ray of innocence that remained; the appearance of a "Saviour who should draw all men unto him," was the only means that remained to reinstate mankind in the path of their duty. Happy for them that what had been foretold by the Prophets and Patriarchs of old, was fully accomplished, and we hope is now going on by human agency to complete the design of a wise Providence.

There is nothing more natural than the arrogating to ourselves or to chance our own Creation. And the worst species of idolatry is that which can create images of our own to worship, and placing a reliance on those frail images, which are idols of our own fabrication, and neglecting the only incentive to good and virtuous actions—the love of our Maker—we at length forget our duty to him and the design of our being—losing sight of that glorious approximation of man to his Creator.

It is pleasing to trace the perfections of the Diety in all his works—in the deeds of his Son, who proclaims in the Spirit, that God had preordained this Spirit of Virtue which it was his grand purpose to accomplish before the world was made; and that this Spirit pervaded the actions of godly men of old; and although the Jews exultingly exclaimed that they had Moses and Abraham for their Father, still the consciousness of the Saviour knew he did the deeds and will of his Father, and that they had prescribed to themselves rules and laws which were not those of Moses and Abraham, but the machinations of the Devil. It was with arguments like these, and the beauty of holy examples—the working of miracles—the life, death and resurrection of Christ, that wrought in the minds of a believing and unbelieving world the radical change of life, and virtue which has been handed down to this generation.† And we have reason to hope that the reign of those who had "hid their faces from the sight of their Maker; and knew not God," and have made unto themselves the likeness of graven images, even in the heart and imaginations are daily becoming convinced of the truth, that although veiled in clouds and darkness, that "God is light and in him is no darkness at all."

† Romans, Chap. V. and 10v.

THE REPOSITORY.

MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD COAT.

—Quæque ipse—vidi.
Et quorum Pars magna fui.

I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most impertinently wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at home even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy, he can neither sit, stand, nor go like a reasonable mortal.

All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one on. New coat is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his senseless phiz; a disgusting keeping in the portrait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons! Avaunt, thou blue coat! Hence, horrible substance, broadcloth mockery, hence! But come, thou old coat, fair and free: be thou my muse; be thou my Charon! Conduct me to the Elysium of threadbare essayists, battered beaus, and jobbing tailors, where the genius of shreds and patches dwells in some fairy Monmouth-street, while eternal cabbage springs beneath his feet.

An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at the first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired.

An old coat is favorable to retirement and study. When your coat is old you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles. I cannot conceive how they could manage it. I could no more write an article in a new coat than in a strait waistcoat. Were I to attempt it, my very good friends, the public, would be severe sufferers.

A happy thought, by the way, jut strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced, that Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron without any coat at all. Geoffry Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new nor old. Cobbet in a coat very often turned. Moore in a very handsome brown frock, and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a night gown, of fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Mr. Woodsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelly wrote in dreadnought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical.

Your old coat is a good moralist; it recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head as long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last night to the Theatre; I consulted my old coat, and remained at home to write for the benefit of posterity.

I cannot say that I have so much attachment to other aged articles of dress as to an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough; but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a pinch; their friendship rests on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

Not so an old coat; it sticks by you to the last. With a little care you may wear it for years, nay, for life. The vulnerable parts of an old coat are the arm-pits, the elbows, and the skirts; of those you must be cautious. I remember a friend who was rather attached to emphatic gesticulation, and used to elevate his arms to an indiscreet height long after his coat had passed its grand climacteric; this should be avoided. I recollect another, an old brother soldier, who, Joseph like, left his skirts in his washerwoman's hands one morning, and went to the parade in a short jacket, though not belonging to the light infantry.

I have seen an old coat appear to great advantage on the body of a great buck; as thus; he was well dressed in all other respects, immaculate waistcoat, unexceptionable inexpressibles, silk stockings in perfect health, but coat as old as Adam. Thus attired he used to caper at a ball with immense applause. Next morning he visited his partners in a suit that Sir Richard Steele would call fire-new.

The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages in an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice of an old coat, is, the exercise it affords the genius of the wearer. Judgment, taste and fancy are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising and setting it off to the best advantage. I found a friend the other day busily engaged on a blue coat that to all appearance was in the very last stage of decreptitude. First, he patched the elbows, &c. and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing and dusting, a ticklish operation, let me tell you. Then came watering; your water is a sore refresher of your whoreson old coat. Then came a second brushing, with a soft brush. Then he took a spunge, dipped in ink mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams of the garment withal. Lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of soft leather. After all this, the coat was not to be recognised by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough and toothless, and the very same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows and new black wig.

[From the National Advocate.]

MISERIES—A WET DAY.

"Wind N. N. E. Do you wish to know what misery is? It is being without business during a long northeast storm—the very mention of the fact is sufficient—patter, patter, patter, drizzle, drizzle; all out doors wet, sloppy, muddy; all inside dark, sombrous and chilly! but, above all, a lawyer's office during such a season! dripping umbrellas, soaked hats, wet shoes, steaming clothes, muddy floors, paper blotty and damp, every thing bearing the touch of the grim invader—the street presents nothing to enliven the scene—closed carriages rattling by, the water pouring from their tops, wide spread umbrellas soaked and dripping—a struggling hog which seems to have lost its path and reason, (for what but an unreasonable hog would venture out,) is snouting among the mud and filth, in scent of something wherewith to recompense himself for his absence from his sty—a stray wheel-barrow, covered with an old painted cloth to keep out the rain, with its owner with a huge drab, metal-buttoned, bear-skin, sailor coat, from which rise vapor and steam in profusion, may peradventure cross your eyes; a jogging cart, with its horse half asleep, and driver not much better, may startle you for a moment into something like life and consciousness, but it passes away with the sound of the cart; gutters pouring down their channels a mingled stream of rain water and filth, and the gutters from the houses belching forth large volumes of water, are the only things which fancy can convert to amusing objects; the former it might compare to running brooks, and the latter to a waterfall among rocks—but bless us, the next umbrella that passes breaks the illusion—within, all is desolate and drear! books look cross for want of employment, clients stingy, and customers poor—want to go out, and have to buy an umbrella—get your feet wet, and not find a person at home you wanted to see—step back again—may be amused on the way to see children standing and playing with bare legs in the gutters; but this is counterbalanced by a draught on your sympathy at the sight of miserable old beggars, with their baskets scarcely half filled with doubly soaked *cold victuals*, or that of younger ones just entered on the profession, quarrelling about a piece of soaked bread—if you look down the cross streets to the water, the river is enveloped in mist—distant objects are scarcely visible, and all is wet, comfortless and cold—if you look up to the steeples you see the provoking vanes ever pointing north-east, north-east, north-east—"well," you are forced to exclaim with a shrug, "this is fairly a three days' siege—tol lol le lol lol"—but it wont do, the rain outsings you, patter, patter, patter, patter—well, you reach home again—instead of smiling faces and jolly countenances, you meet cross, desponding, surly looks—one says 'heigh ho!' another, 'Lord what a rain,' another, 'misery,' and another, 'd—n such weather'—refinement in language is entirely banished, and the gross, cross expressions of nature are predominant—if you are in love, and think of the fair one, the intervening distance of wet walks and muddy roads is sure to break the chain of your ideas, and dampen the rising warmth of your feelings—you picture her to yourself, sitting at her window, looking out on the watery prospect, desponding, pensive and peevish—perhaps she is thinking of you, perhaps soliloquizing about you—hark! what does she say? "pitter, patter, pitter, patter—Oh, cruel, merciless rain!" —your tongue is blabbing every where —yet there is one comfort left which even the storm cannot drive away—it may dampen it, but it does not weaken it: a quid or a segar will instantly resuscitate your drowned spirits, and open upon you fresh, smiling and sun-shining scenes—is it so, Mr. Editor?

A LAWYER'S CLERK.

The misjudged, excentric and ingenious speeches of Mr. Randolph, [last winter,] on the resolution requesting of the President of the United States such information as may be in his possession relative to the principles and practice of the Spanish American States, in regard to Negro Slavery, brings to mind the story related of a certain woman in Vermont at the time of the American Revolution. She had for a long time been accustomed to call upon the postrider as he passed her dwelling and make the usual inquiry—"*What news to-day? What news from the Northern Army?*" "Why, madam," says he—in an air of great concern, being vexed with her unceasing inquiries and desirous of getting rid of her, without the effrontery of a direct reproof—"terrible news—dreadful news!" "Dreadful news, Sir!" replies she; "pray, what is it?" "Why, hav'nt you heard that the Indians were going to turn lake Champlain over here and drown us all!" At this she started with agony, saying that she would call on the parish priest, and there inquire and ascertain of him the truth of this report. On approaching his door, she accosted him thus: "Sir, the post informs me that the Indians are about to turn lake Champlain over and drown us all!" "Dear madam," replies he, "be composed; such a transaction is impossible, if we believe in the truth of God's word, by which we are assured that the world having once been drowned can never be again." "God's word—God's word," said she, "has nothing to do in drowning us; no, it is the c——d Indians that will accomplish the business." Thus, it was the opposition to Mr. Adams, not to the Panama Mission, that called forth the exertions of Mr. Randolph: it was not the Indians, mixed bloods, and Negroes, that he was afraid of, as his own descent is acknowledged to have been derived from the wild man of the forest. The present administration was what he strove to convulse, but the effect of his doings were as imbecile and discreditable to his talents as the object of the undertaking was hopeless and unworthy.

Vermont Aurora.

General Ethan Allen, of Green-mountain-boy memory, a part of whose history makes the foundation of a very pleasing tale written by Mr. Barker, of Philadelphia, in the Atlantic Souvenir of 1826, was taken prisoner by the British and carried to England during our revolutionary struggle; he was there imprisoned in the tower; he was continually subject to the tampering of the ministry, who were all well aware of his influence in his own part of the country; his peculiar and impatient temper writhed and chafed with indignation at the ordeal his fidelity to his cause and country was forced to endure. One day when splendid offers of American territory were made to him by a noble Lord, high in the cabinet, when fat acres and rich farms were tendered to him as the price of his patriotism; enraged beyond bearing, he burst out in a furious rage, and after venting many curses, he ended his *tirade* by exclaiming "By the Eternal Jehovah, you are tempting me, as Satan tempted our Saviour in the wilderness, when neither the Devil nor you possess nor ever will, one inch of the rich lands you offer."—*Nat. Gaz.*

Curious Rencontre. A whimsical affair happened some years ago at a small church in Wales. The clergyman having a tame goat which followed him to church, and sat under the pulpit; the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian who sat opposite to him, that taking the frequent inclinations of the head for a challenge to combat, he made a violent butt at his supposed antagonist, who not perceiving front, whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next him. The person, who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him the next morning, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading a commentary in the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that the goat was the aggressor, he observed that if the people "tespised tivine ser-tise, it would be no wonder if peasts of the field was to rise up all the chapokins in the country."

The good sayings of the low Irish are proverbial. The truth of this was never more apparent than one day about a fortnight since, near Southampton Quay. A number of Irish recruits, who might have been mistaken as about to join *Falstaff's* ragged regiment, were there collected, awaiting, with some degree of impatience, a passage to the Isle of Wight. They had been given to understand they were to go by the steam-packet, and were overheard disputing as to how steam could impel the vessel. At this moment, a short, fat, red-faced, well-dressed, waddling man, came broiling down the street, evidently afraid of being too late, his hat in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, wiping from his bald pate the perspiration that profusely bedewed it. He reached the opposite side of the street, when one of the recruits vociferated, "Paddy, paddy, houd your bother, by J——s, but there's a man going by *stame* sure enough!" A peal of laughter resounded from the bystanders; the little fat gentleman cast an angry glance over his left shoulder, forced his white handkerchief into his pocket, dashed on his hat with a jerk, and waddled precipitately into an adjoining public house.

A Scottish preacher lately used this simile in a sermon. 'My friends, the steps to free grace are like the fish-market stairs, very slippery, and not easy to keep, even when you get your feet on them, for the first time.'

Genius. "I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Sir, Isaac Newton said of himself, "That if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

* St. John, VIII Chap. from the 12th verse.

General Intelligence.

South America. By the Phœnix, Hodges, at Salem, Buenos Ayres papers to the 12th September, have been received. They contain nothing very important. The Chilian fleet purchased by the Buenos Ayres government, had sailed for the river Plate. The campaign of the national army in the Banda Oriental was to be opened at Monte Video about the middle of September. It was reported at Monte Video that 25,000 troops were expected from the Brazils at Rio Grande by the 1st of November.

A horrid murder was committed at Buenos Ayres on the 10th August. As Don Ramon Mastinez Carmona and his wife were sitting at supper a mulatto slave entered the room, and plunged a knife into the breast of the lady, who instantly expired, and with the same fatal weapon, still reeking with blood, stabbed his master, who was expected to recover. The miscreant was in custody.

The Brazilian Admiral seems to be very active in capturing all vessels bound for Buenos Ayres, and sometimes exercises his power pretty vigorously. Capt. Potter, of the brig Pioneer, writes to his owners in Salem the following letter:

Montevideo, Sept. 12.

"*Gentlemen*—I hasten to inform you, by the brig Phœnix, Capt. Hodges, that the Pioneer was captured on the 3d inst. off Cape St. Mary, (mouth of the river Plate,) by the Brazilian squadron—all hands were taken on Board the Admiral's ship, leaving no one on board the Pioneer but myself, the supercargo and boy. They manned the brig with a young and inexperienced officer as prize-master, and 12 men, the most miserable wretches to be called sailors I ever saw, and ordered her for this port, where she arrived on the 8th inst. and is now in their possession. No reason was assigned by the Admiral for detaining the brig, nor has any been given here for holding possession of her, which is the most extraordinary aggression I ever knew upon a friendly power. I cannot conceive of the least cause for such an act, my destination being direct for this port, which you may observe by the tenor of my charter party, and I have in no instance deviated from the same in my voyage to this port. The merchants of this place are much surprised at the proceedings of this government in this case in particular; the Brazilians have captured many vessels of late, English, Americans, and I understand one or two French.—Our sails are unbent, and hove in a pile on deck, exposed in the weather, and much of the rigging cut and hanging in all directions, and I have no authority to prevent it. I am told my crew will be kept on board the frigate, till her return to port, and that time is uncertain, as it is said they were bound to the southward in search of the Chilian fleet, which is understood to be on its way for the river to assist the Buenos Ayreans. I shall write Mr. Ragnet, our Consul at Rio, the particulars of this transaction, and shall do all in my power to obtain redress for all damages sustained."—*N. Y. Statesman.*

Interesting from Peru. Extract of a letter from Lima, dated July 31, received by the Rebecca Sims, at Baltimore.

"I am afraid that the war in this country is not at an end. The Peruvians are getting to be discontented with having so large a Colombian force in the country. On the 28th inst. a plot was discovered, just at the moment when it was arriving at maturity, to take the arms from the Colombian army, and drive them from Peru, after killing Bolivar.—Forty or fifty Peruvian officers have been arrested on the supposition of their having been concerned in the recent conspiracy. Among these are three generals, one of whom commanded the army at the great battle and victory at Junin; since which he has been toasted and caressed on all hands. 'Viva General Nichochia' was on the lips of every one.—Now, what a change! On suspicion, he is arrested; and on suspicion, put into a cell in a convent, in double irons, and with a guard. He is a fine fellow and the people are fond of him; but none dare say a word.

When Bolivar sent for him, he tried to shame him, but he had the wrong man to deal with. General, said Bolivar, I am astonished to find a man of your standing connected with so pitiful a conspiracy as this. Something more noble was expected from you. Nichochia answered—I am now sorry that I did not know of this attempt to revolt. Perhaps I could have done my country some service in it, and relieved it from these Colombians, who are taking the bread from our mouths. And now, as I have opportunity, I tell you that you have scarce a friend in the country, and the quicker you return the better. This was language that such a man as Bolivar could not stand. He flew into a violent rage, and ordered his guard to arrest him. Nichochia looked him sternly in the face, and observed, "If I had my sword, in the presence of your guard, I would draw some of that black blood from you, and relieve the world of you."

I am afraid that this circumstance will lead to a serious revolution. Bolivar has removed from his house, three miles from the city, to the palace, where he now is, with double guard. I hope that the affair will die away, but I see no prospect of it. Bolivar will not give up his power, and the people are evidently dissatisfied with his keeping it. They say he wants to be king, and of that kind of cattle they have already had their full proportion. That looks very much like being his object. It is said he has elected himself President of Upper Peru for life, with the privilege of choosing his successor. Does this look like liberty? He told the people it was, and they believed it. They thought that he was too great a man to do wrong, and that whatever he did was right. They now begin to see wherein they were mistaken. The congress of Peru should have assembled last March, and all the representatives from the different districts should have come to Lima. But Bolivar, fearful, perhaps that they might wrest from him the power of dictator, given to him at their last session, dissolved them before they entered on business.

The Island of Chiloe, on the Pacific, has revolted from Chili, in favor of O'Higgins."

Bolivar. A tide has been raised against Bolivar, which seems to threaten to overwhelm him. If not now guilty, he may feel driven to criminality, from resentment or for personal safety. This would show he was not the greatest of men, but leave him like many great men. The world loves justice, not calumny. It neither wants to be duped by a man, nor by his enemies; neither by confidence nor jealousy.

It is now insinuated that he has been sending off the Peruvian troops, and garrisoning the towns of Peru with Colombians—that he intends to form an alliance with Brazil, to attempt the conquest of Buenos Ayres and Chili, and then take the title of President, Emperor or King. Nous verrons.

[*Boston Palladium.*

Boston Dec. 6.

Funeral of Com. Perry. The remains of this distinguished officer were landed from the Lexington, at anchor in the harbor of Newport, at 11 o'clock on Monday. Minute guns were fired as the barge proceeded from the ship to the wharf. The corpse was placed in a magnificent car, drawn by four white horses. A very large procession was formed, embracing the principal officers of the State, civil and military, and escorted by the independent companies of Newport, Providence and Pawtucket. The procession moved through Thames street to the burying-ground, where the funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, and a volley was discharged over the grave. The procession returned to the wharf and was dismissed. The pall bearers were Com. Chauncey, Capts. Creighton, Crane, Shubrick, Turner and Kearney. Of the survivors of the battle of Lake Erie, Dr. Usher Parsons, Capt. D. Turner, Lt. W. V. Taylor, and Thos. Breeze Purser, were present at the solemnities. The steamboat Washington left Providence for Newport between 7 and 8 in the morning with the military companies of Providence and Pawtucket and many other gentlemen, and returned at half past 6 in the evening.

The Great Trial at New-York. The trial which commenced at New-York on the 20th ult. of Jacob Barker, Mark Spencer, Geo. W. Brown, Thomas Vermilyea, and Matthew L. Davis, for an alleged conspiracy, terminated on Friday last, the 1st inst. when the Jury, after being out about two hours and a half, returned a verdict of "guilty," against all of them.

The Jury was then dismissed till the 9th inst. when Mr. Maxwell gave notice he would be ready for the trial of Mr. Eckford and others—so that the statement that a nol. pros. was entered as to them was erroneous.

During the trial the Jury were kept together day and night, except on occasional call on their families with an officer. This, it is well known, is the second trial for the same offence, the former not coming to a verdict.

It is understood that a motion will be made to suspend the sentence of the defendants until the February Term of the Supreme Court, when an application will be made for a new trial.

[*Boston Palladium.*

Oyer and Terminer. The jury, about five o'clock yesterday afternoon, came into court, with a verdict of *Guilty*, against every person on trial, namely—Messrs. Barker, Vermilyea, Davis, Brown and Spencer. The jury was out about three hours. A motion for a new trial, we understand, will be made and argued this day.

Although the present case was considerably abridged, both as to time and the interest excited on the occasion, still, it was a close and condensed trial, embracing all the old and some new matter. When the opinion of the Court is given as to the new tiral, we shall have something to say on the subject, as we have carefully abstained, as well as other presses, from any comments calculated to excite prejudice against the accused, or impair their prospect of a fair hearing.

The jury was composed of respectable and intelligent men, and some of them candidly admitted their unfavorable bias when first empannelled.

Noah's Enquirer.

Robbery of the Mail. On the 22d ult. David House, who had been for some time past an assistant to the Post Master of the South Wilbraham Post Office in this county, was brought before J. Willard, Esq. of this town, on complaint of Daniel Lombard, Esq. Post Master at Springfield, for sundry violations of the Post Office laws. He plead guilty to all the charges in the complaint; and the evidence shewed that he had embezzled about $500 from sundry letters in about six weeks past—had detained a number of letters, and whole contents of one mail, consisting of sixteen letters, besides seven from other mails, were found in his private trunk with the seals unbroken. Through the active and commendable exertions of D. Lombard, Esq. P. M. assisted by B. H. Wheeler, Esq. Post Master at Providence, the culprit was detected and the most plenary and satisfactory evidence procured, independent of his own confessions.—Suspicions were early fixed upon the South Wilbraham office from the circumstance that money was sent from Springfield to Providence and lost, and the same occurred in sending money from Monson to Walpole, N. H. the South Wilbraham office being the only office between Monson and Springfield. Subsequently a letter was mailed at Providence containing money directed to Springfield and *by mistake* put into the South Wilbraham package with other letters addressed to persons in South Wilbraham, *who were not inhabitants there.*—This letter was not forwarded to Springfield as it should have been. Some of the money contained in the letter was afterwards paid to Mr. Wheeler in exchange for a five dollar bill, by House, who kept a tavern, the bills bearing a private mark which Mr. Wheeler had made when he mailed them. A train of circumstances of a similar kind, placed it beyond all doubt that House was the culprit, and he was arrested, examined, and ordered by the Justice to recognise in the sum of $10,000 for his appearance at the Supreme Court to be holden in this county in May next. Not finding bail, he was committed. It is due to Mr. Post, the Post Master at South Wilbraham, to say that no blame whatever is imputable to him in relation to the affair.

Springfield Republican.

Shipwreck. Extract of a letter from Valparaiso, Aug. 22, received at Baltimore. "On Monday, the 14th inst. we had a severe gale, in which I deeply regret to say, the ship Arethusa, of Baltimore, was lost, with her Captain and eight men. She arrived here after a long passage on the 4th, and the ship Covington on the 5th inst. They both anchored too close in, and immediately over against a very rocky beach, owing to mistaken information given them.—On Sunday, the 13th, the wind had freshened so much, that I began to feel not only for them, but for the Elizabeth, although she was moored in as good a birth as the harbor affords; indeed, I spent a great part of the day on the beach watching them; they appeared however to hold on well; but the next day the gale increased very much, and about 10 A. M. the Arethusa, and shortly after the Covington, made signals of distress. In about half an hour a boat from the former came on shore with the second mate and four men, who told us they were sent for a cable and anchor—that the ship had parted her chain, and was now riding only by a ten inch cable that had been brought out in her for sale; both ships in fact were in the breakers. A cable and anchor were procured, but it was impossible to embark them, the surf was so very high; the supercargo offered every inducement, but in vain, indeed in attempting to go off in the boat unladen, it was capsized, and fortunately the boat's crew remained on shore. In the mean time the Arethusa's last cable parted, and she drove ashore in almost the only part of the harbor where there was little chance of saving the lives on board. The difference of her length in either direction would have been sufficient to have saved them all; as it was she drove midship on a rock about twenty yards from the shore, and which at low water, was entirely dry, and there beat to pieces amid as wild a surf as ever lashed a shore. The scene was dreadful—the shore was lined with people anxious to assist, but who could do little but gaze at them, owing to their situation, and also to the want of any preparation on board; for strange as it may appear, they had not a line there to fasten to a spar drifting ashore. The first mate, four of the crew, and the supercargo's servant, a Peruvian boy, succeeded by desperate exertions in reaching the shore. The Captain, eight of the crew and a custom house officer, perished. In about two hours after she struck, this noble ship was broken entirely in pieces. Never have I witnessed any thing so distressing. I had been only a few days before introduced to poor M'Cay, and was quite pleased with him. His appearance on the wreck with that of his companions, will never leave my memory; he was one of the last that perished, and was crushed between the rocks and the wreck, to which he clung when the ship broke in two. Fortunately the Covington rode out the gale, and the weather moderating next day she was hauled out to safer moorings, with the loss of anchor which they broke in heaving up."

Melancholy Disaster. On the 24th Nov. Job Kelley, Henry Tewksbury, and George W. Blackey, of Monitonborough, set out from Centre Harbor in a gondola, loaded with timber, to cross Lake Winnipisseogee to Alton bay. The wind blowing a heavy gale from the north west, after passing Rattlesnake Island about dark, the boat filled, and before the deck could be cleared, upset and drifted before the wind. They clung to the boat until it drifted near Black Point, when Blackey, chilled and exhausted, was swept off by the violence of the waves. The other two continued on the boat, until it struck the sand in Walker's Cove, about 20 rods from the shore, and in ten feet water; soon after which, Kelley, benumbed with cold, said he could hold out no longer, and went to the bottom. Tewksbury continued to cry for help until he was heard by Mr. Robert Walker, living near the shore, who with the assistance of the neighbors succeeded with great difficulty and danger in taking him off, though exhausted and nearly senseless, being at this time about 1 o'clock in the morning, having remained on the boat six or seven hours. The body of Blackey was found washed up at the shore next morning, and that of Kelley was taken up near the boat after two or three hours search.

N. H. Patriot.

Charleston, (S. C.) Nov. 28. The following singular case has been communicated to us for publication. The facts, as stated may be relied upon:—

On the 24th of October, 1826, about 12 o'clock at night, a Negro Girl belonging to a gentleman of this city, aged about 20 years, of a robust constitution and apparently in perfect health, in consequence of a strong excitement, caused from setting up with a black corpse, in company with a large assemblage of colored people, who were singing, &c. as is common with these people on such occasions, fell into a lethargy—from which she was not roused, notwithstanding the application of blisters, the shower bath of cold water, &c. until the 31st of same month, when she awoke, but could not separate her lower jaw from the upper one, until she was electrified, which was done on the 2d inst. when she ate food for the first time since being in this situation; but her tongue being contracted, she could not speak until the 21st inst. when she spoke, and said she felt quite well, and free from any kind of pain. She was four weeks in this state. During the first entire week she was asleep, her pulse was good and natural, and her slumber appeared calm and comfortable; but there was a total suspension of all the animal functions, except perspiration.

A letter from *Washington* says, "Among the facts which the Oppositionists have circulated with so much manly satisfaction respecting the Billiard Table in the President's House, one has been entirely overlooked by them, namely, that it was purchased expressly for the amusement of Gen. Lafayette during the time he was expected to be the Guest of The President, and considered as indispensable in the establishment of a French Gentleman." [*Bost. Cent.*

THE COLOR OF CATTLE.

A writer in the New-England Farmer, under the signature of Agricola, attributes much importance to the *color* of cattle:—"Having been for some years a considerable traveller in New-England, I have noticed that the best farmers always have the best cattle. Where you find, as in Worcester County, large barns, strong walls, square lots, great crops of rowen, huge wood piles, fat horses, well-painted houses, and all the ordinary indications of plenty and independence, you invariably find *red or brown oxen and cows.* Selection from his calves, for three or four years of red, brown, or brindle, by any farmer, will soon teach him the value of the expedient: a bright red is to be preferred; but next to this, the brown, and then the mixture of both, (the brindle,) which is an excellent hardy color for working oxen. No purchaser of oxen or cows overlooks the article of color."

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY....THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1826.

☞NOTICE! *Our Friends and Correspondents are requested to direct their Letters and Communications to* Norway, *Maine. Those Editors of Newspapers and other Works, who exchange with us, are particularly requested to alter the directions of their respective papers, as above.*

State Legislature. In a few weeks our Representatives assemble for the purposes of legislation. The present state of our affairs calls for few changes, if any, in the general laws of the State; and even with regard to the few which might be improved by an alteration, experience teaches us, that change is not always improvement. Judging from the past, we may have some reason to fear, as well as hope for new experiments in legislation. Though it may be deemed improper to pass judgment upon the conduct of those, whom we ought to believe have endeavored to act wisely and prudently, yet many of the changes made in the laws seem not to have been *intended* for amendments, but sometimes they appear to be rash experiments at others' acts passed merely for the purpose of legislating upon something of a general interest, to amuse the public withal. We say *intended*, because we would not so severely censure the legislative body, as to suppose them destitute of good sense and foresight sufficient to foresee the natural and inevitable results of their acts. We know the foodness of many for speculative theories and legislative experiments, and are aware that many wild schemes are yearly presented for examination and urged with all the pertinacity of ignorance and the zeal of ambitious inexperience; and perhaps we ought on the whole rather to be grateful that we escape from so many, than to complain that we are obliged to swallow a few, of the nostrums of legislative quacks.

Much business of a private nature will necessarily be brought before them, and this it is, which though it makes but little show, frequently occupies much time. The numerous petitions of private individuals as well as the immature schemes of unfledged legislators, frequently solicit and compel an attention which they do not intrinsically merit. But these things must be endured as they are not altogether remediable.

If they could strike out of existence one half of our banks and all of our lotteries, they would perform an acceptable service to the public. Licensed gambling even when the ends proposed, are schemes professedly of public utility, is too much like licensed prostitution for charitable or religious purposes. No man, who does not wilfully shut his eyes against the light of truth and the conviction of experience, can for a moment entertain any doubt of the manifold evils, which result from these modes of raising a revenue. Their pernicious effects upon the happiness and prosperity of the public, are only equalled by the deleterious influence they exert upon morals and industry. Let it not be thought by these remarks that we are inclined to censure or reflect with severity upon our institutions and laws in general. They are wise and salutary. Though yet in our infancy as a State, many of our legislative provisions are unsurpassed and even unequalled in the liberality and wisdom which they display, and have served as models for imitation to older States. But to say that in some of our legislative enactments there is not displayed the absurdity of error and the folly of ignorance, would require an union of the blindness of self-love and the partiality of prejudice. The result of their labors, would not perhaps be less beneficial to the State, if they would abstain from legislating for posterity, at the expense of the present generation. We are yet in the freshness of youth and cannot expect at present, to compete in splendid schemes and lavish expenditure with older and richer States. We have sufficient demands for all our care, exertions and resources, in endeavoring to improve and increase the advantages we already possess.

Farmers. This is a season of the year which naturally affords much leisure to farmers. The long evenings of winter present to them an invaluable opportunity, and one which ought not to be suffered to pass unimproved, for storing their minds with information of all kinds, and more especially *agricultural.* This is a subject which immediately and intimately affects and interests them. The news and politics of the day—the amusements of fiction, possess a comparatively temporary interest, but this concerns the daily business and employment of their lives. Whatever relates to this, most important occupation of mankind, must seize their attention and engage their feelings. Whatever may alleviate their labor or increase its productiveness, cannot be viewed by them with indifference, or passed by with neglect. Information of this kind, will have a tendency to lighten the severity of their laborer's toil and to multiply their ex-

sorts and conveniences, by increasing their profits. The prejudices that many entertain against new modes of cultivation and agricultural experiments in general, are well known. Many of the novelties introduced without sufficient investigation and experience, are undoubtedly fallacious and fanciful; but a deviation from the course now pursued by many, can hardly be for the worse. By such, experiments may safely be made; and others, if they reflect upon the improvements already made within their own memories, cannot but infer that agriculture is not yet brought to perfection—that every thing is not yet done in the best possible manner. A judicious selection of essays and experiments upon this subject would probably be interesting, as they certainly might be profitable, to those of our readers whose employment is the cultivation of the soil. An attempt at something of this kind we intended to have made, but it must now be left to other hands.

☞As the OBSERVER is now published at *Norway*, the labors of the present Editor will terminate with this number. His connection with the Paper is now dissolved. J. G. C.

Paris, Dec. 13, 1826.

☞Our readers will perceive that we have changed our domicil the past week, and we now issue our paper from Norway village. This change has taken place from motives of convenience and interest to ourselves, and we hope and believe will operate no inconvenience to our patrons. Our accommodation as to mails will be equally as good as in our former situation, and no pains or attention on our part shall be wanting to furnish our readers with early news. The flourishing state of Norway village, and in fact of the whole town, offers strong inducements to enterprise of every description.—While we have taken a new abode for ourselves, our Paper will assume no new character. Nothing inconsistent with sound morality; nothing offensive to decency; nothing calculated to infringe upon the most extended political liberality, will occupy our columns. In short, while we do not aspire at greatness, we shall endeavor to be useful to all classes of readers. Our ambition will be to please, but not at the expense of honor and integrity. Our highest reward will be a conscience void of offence; next to that the approbation of our readers.

In the prosecution of our editorial labors, we shall need the contributions of able writers on moral, political, literary and scientific subjects, and we shall always be happy to receive them. Our advertising patronage, so essential to our support, will, we earnestly hope, be continued by our friends in different parts of the County. When we commenced the publication of the *Observer*, we found the County of Oxford a peaceable and happy people; and nothing will give us greater pain than, at any future time, to find that we have been instrumental in bringing about a different state of things.

CONGRESS. On Monday the 4th inst. Congress commenced its session. The session will terminate by limitation on the 3d of March next; it will of course be short. Much business of importance is to be done, and it is to be desired instead of the long gasconading speeches of the last that the present may be emphatically a session of business. Among the most important subjects are the Tariff, Judiciary and Bankrupt bills, and the bill for the relief of the Revolutionary Officers and Soldiers. These subjects, from their intrinsic importance as well as from the great diversity of sentiment respecting them, will occupy considerable time and labor in investigation.

Of the Tariff we are not sufficiently informed to say much; the alterations seem to be called for by the manufacturing interest, and it is said by those better informed than we are, that the complaints of the manufacturers are well founded. There are, however, other interests besides manufacturing, and a wise legislature will not, in their endeavors to uphold the manufacturer, loose sight of the merchant and the farmer. Commerce and agriculture must therefore be protected.—From the disclosure made by Mr. Webster and others, last winter, it would seem that the present Judiciary system is susceptible of improvement.—From the practice of other countries and of many States in our own, there cannot be a doubt but that a Bankrupt law, with just and equal provisions, would be beneficial to both debtor and creditor. Indeed the objections that have so long hindered the establishment of a national system of Bankruptcy appear to have gone rather to the details of particular bills than to the general question.—No one can predict the fate of the bill for the relief of those venerable and patriotic citizens, who endured the toils, braved the tempest and won the laurels of the Revolution. At home there is but one sentiment, and that is in their favor: but in Congress their claims are postponed; justice lingers; and we are not without fears that they will be abandoned altogether—We however hope better things, though we thus speak.

We hope, earnestly hope that no amendments will be proposed to our excellent Constitution. We are among the number of those who admire and love our present Constitution. The wisdom, virtue and patriotism of great and good men formed this instrument; and under it we have become a great, prosperous and happy nation. Dangerous indeed, would be a change, under any circumstances in its essential provisions, and doubly dangerous would changes be originating in the malignity of disappointed ambition.

If violent and inflammatory speeches must be made; if the administration must be attacked and broken down, let the assault be upon the measures of the administration, and let not hostility to men in power lead us on to the destruction of our Constitution.

ORDER IN COUNCIL. We published the remarks from the Philadelphia Gazette relative to the seizure of British vessels after the first of the present month. The National Intelligencer says: "The Philadelphia Gazette is correct in its reference to the act of March 1, 1825, as far as it goes, but it stops short of a very material part of the act, by omitting, or overlooking, the clause immediately following the passage quoted; which clause is in these words—'*proclamation to that effect having been made by the President of the United States.*'

"Now, up to this day, it is known no such proclamation has been issued. If intended to be issued, it would doubtless have been issued before this time, seeing that the British Order in Council is to go in operation this week. We think it quite probable, therefore, that the proclamation will not be issued. The commencement of the session of Congress being so near the day named in the Order in Council, it is not unlikely that the Executive has determined to submit the matter wholly to the discretion of Congress, instead of exercising a discretion upon it himself."

Noah's Enquirer.

CLAIMS. Letters from Paris inform that the French Government had given a definitive answer to the claims of the United States and refused to admit them.

Bost. Centinel.

[From the Kennebunk Gazette.]

Ever wishing to act in all things of a public nature, superior to party prejudice, and soar above the littleness of selfish animosities, we give the following communication, over the signature of "Justice," a place in our paper.—We are aware, that some few of our readers will condemn us for its admission, while others of more liberal views, will commend the impartial course we have taken. We, however, in this, as in most other political publications, leave our columns open to a fair discussion of its merits. [ED. GAZ.

For the KENNEBUNK GAZETTE.

MR. HOLMES.

It is said that this gentleman has left home for Washington, and that the present winter will probably terminate his political career. Whatever may have been said of him in times of political excitement, it must be admitted that he possesses talents of a superior order, and that they have been long exercised in the public service. During the late war he certainly acted an important part in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and was considered by some "at the head of the Republican Party in New-England." He was in the convention which formed the Constitution of this State, was chairman of the committee, and the original draught was from his pen. While in Congress no one will deny that he has been industrious and useful. It has been estimated that his "Custom-House Bill," as it has been called, saves the nation from $150,000 to $200,000 annually. His exertions to procure the admission of Maine into the Union, have been censured by some, as having been carried to a criminal extent, in voting for the admission of Missouri, without restriction as to slavery. But he has the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, not only that it was inexpedient to impose the restriction, but that Congress had no power to do it by the Constitution. Upon this question, the best men in the country may honestly differ. He justified General Jackson in the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. President Adams as well as Mr. Monroe did the same. He was opposed to the Panama Mission, because he thought it would lead to "entangling alliances" with other nations, against which Washington had cautioned us to guard. After the Ministers were appointed, he voted for an appropriation to pay them, because he considered the faith of the nation pledged so to do. He opposed Mr. Randolph, because he considered his licentiousness in debate as unjust to individuals, inconsistent with the honor and dignity of the Senate, and disgraceful to the character of the nation. He attended a Congressional Caucus for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, because he believed some mode was necessary to concentrate public sentiment, and this was the mode which had been previously adopted in the cases of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, and had been productive of good effects. He deprecated an election by the House of Representatives, because it was not an expression of the voice of the nation and had *once* been a scene which threatened anarchy and confusion. He supported the Candidate nominated at the Caucus, because he preferred him, and he had been brought forward in a way most likely to insure his success. But "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." He was an independent Elector, and had the same right to act freely that other men have.

JUSTICE.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Packet ship Stephania, Capt. Pell, arrived at Philadelphia on the 4th instant, brought Havre papers to the 26th and Paris to the 24th ult. inclusive.

Russia declared War against Persia on the 28th Sept. and hostilities had commenced. On 2d Sept. the Russian General Prince Modatow attacked a large Persian force, who were forced to retreat with great confusion, leaving two Kahns and 1000 men on the field. The Russian General Yermohoff with another division was driving the Persians before him.

The manifesto of the Emperor intimates his determination to wage war until indemnity shall be had for past aggressions, and security for the future.

It is thought this war, will tend to facilitate the negotiations between Russia and Turkey.

A letter from Constantinople, of Sept. 26, states that the British Ambassador had delivered a note urging the Porte to enter into a negotiation with the Greeks. To this it is said a reply was made that the Porte understood his own affairs, and did not wish the interference of the English ambassador.

☞*We have been requested to state, that Rev.* ZENAS THOMPSON *will preach at the Universalist Meeting-House in this village, on the ensuing Sabbath.*

Married,

In this Village, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Merrill, Doctor JESSE W. MICHLES, of Minot, to Miss EVELINE A. RUST, daughter of the late Henry Rust, Esq.

In Greenwood, on the 30th ult. Mr. Elijah Cordwell to Miss Eliza Lovrin.

In Albany, on the 30th ult. Mr. James Frye, aged 66, to Miss Scynthia Cummings, aged 27.

Though forty years between them rolls,
Yet Cupid yoked their tender souls.

Died,

In Hebron, of the quinsy, James, child of Mr. Samuel Crockett, aged 10 months.

In Saco, Jonathan Chesley, Esq. formerly of Paris, but recently of Baton Rouge, Lou.

NOTICE.

ALL persons living in Paris, who have engaged to pay in Wood for the Observer, are informed that they may deliver the same any time during the ensuing winter, to Mr. *Asa Robinson*, who will receive the same for me. ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

Norway, Dec. 12.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the Homestead FARM of the late *Elijah Bates*, situated in Paris, containing about 160 acres of Land, consisting of due proportions of Woodland, Mowing, Pasturing, Orcharding, and Tillage; has a convenient one story House, a good sized Barn, out buildings, &c. Said Farm is well Watered, well Fenced with Stone Wall, and in other respects, in a good state of repair, and cuts from 25 to 30 tons Hay annually.

Also—100 acre Lot, with some improvements, adjoining said Farm, will be sold with, or without the Farm, as may suit the purchaser.—Persons desirous of purchasing valuable Real Estate, would do well to examine. Any further information may be had by calling on the subscriber.

Unless the above be sold at private sale, it will be sold at Auction on the premises, on Wednesday the 14th of February next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. At the same time and place, will be sold at Auction, the following articles of Personal Property, belonging to the estate:

500 bushels POTATOES;
A quantity of CORN and GRAIN;
Several tons HAY;
And sundry other Articles.

TERMS OF SALE—Liberal, and will be made known at the time and place of Sale.

ASAPH KITTREDGE, *Adm'r.*

Paris, Dec. 7, 1826.

☞All persons indebted to the above Estate, whose terms of credit has expired, are requested to settle the same previous to that time. tds 126

Special Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by note or account, whose demands are of more than one year's standing, are requested to make payment by the 30th inst. or their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection. ISAIAH WHITTEMORE.

Paris, Dec. 12, 1826. 126

HAY FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has for sale 12 or 15 tons of good HAY, at his barn in Paris, at ten dollars per ton. For further information please inquire of Mr. *David Chesley*, or the subscriber. NICHOLAS CHESLEY, Jr.

Dixfield, Dec. 12. 128

WANTED *immediately*, by the subscriber, a BARROW SHOAT, for which a fair price will be given. ASA BARTON.

Norway, Dec. 14, 1826.

FOR SALE at the *Oxford Bookstore*, *ALMANACKS* stitched in Marble Covers, with Blank Leaves.

Dec. 7,

J. HASKELL,

HAS recently opened an extensive Stock of

CAPS,

of various kinds and prices.

BEAVER BONNETS,

Drab and Black.

Buffalo Robes.

PLUMES.

FUR TRIMMING.

Ostrich Trimming.

Fur Gloves & Mocasons.

Also—A large stock of

HATS

of his own Manufacture, warranted equal to any in New-England.

No. 2, Boyd's Buildings, Middle-street, two doors from Exchange-street.

Portland, Dec. 6, 1826. 6w 128

NOTICE.

ALL persons, *without distinction*, indebted to the subscriber, either by Note or Account, are requested to call immediately, and settle the same, as he wishes to make a settlement of all his accounts himself; those who neglect this call will find their demands in the hands of an Attorney, after the first of January next, without fail.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER.

Paris, Dec. 9, 1826. *128

Norway & Bethel Stage.

THE subscriber will commence running a Stage from Norway Village to Bethel, on the first Wednesday in January next, to leave Norway Village after the arrival of the Mail Stage on Wednesday Afternoon, and passing through Greenwood, arrive at Bethel the same evening; and to return from Bethel on Thursday Morning in season for the Mail Stage to take the Passengers to Portland.

ANTHONY BENNETT.

Norway, Dec. 12, 1826. *128

MANAGERS' OFFICIAL LIST

OF THE DRAWING OF THE

Cumb. & Oxford Canal

LOTTERY.

CLASS NO. VIII.

The ballots drawn from the Wheel were

22, 5, 14, 2, 23, 3,

Which, agreeably to the Scheme, gives the following result, viz:—

Combination.		*Prizes.*
5–14—22	is entitled to	$10,000
2—3—23	"	5,000
2—5—23	"	1,000
5–22—23	"	1,000
3—5—22	"	1,000
2–14—22	"	500
14–22—23	"	500
3–14—22	"	500
2—5—14	"	500
5–14—23	"	500
2—3—22	"	330
2–22—23	"	200
2—5—23	"	200
3—5—23	"	200
2–14—23	"	200
2—3—14	"	200
3–14—23	"	200
2—3—14	"	200
3–14—23	"	200
3—5—14	"	200
2—3—5	"	200

36 Tickets having 5—22, are prizes of 100
36 Tickets having 3—23, are prizes of 50
All others, being 468, having any two of the drawn numbers, are prizes of $10
Those Tickets having one and one only of the drawn numbers, are prizes of $5

P. VARNUM,
J. P. BOYD,
N. MITCHELL, } *Managers.*

Portland, Dec. 5.

☞All persons who have purchased Tickets in the above Lottery at the *Oxford Bookstore*, are informed that all Prizes will be paid as soon as presented—or, they may be exchanged for Tickets in the next Class.

Norway, Dec. 14.

FARM TO LET.

THE subscriber wishes to Let upon Shares, to some active, industrious Man with a small family, his FARM, situated in Paris, containing about one hundred acres, which is well fenced and in a good state of cultivation; together with the Stock and Farming Tools now on the same. Said Farm produces yearly about thirty barrels Cider—and will be let for one or more years as the parties may agree. AARON FULLER.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1826. *127

LAST NOTICE.

THE subscriber will place in an Attorney's hands all of his unsettled accounts and notes, in sufficient time to be sued for the next term of the Court of Common Pleas in January next. H. R. PARSONS.

Paris, Oct. 31, 1826. 6w 123

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.

PURSUANT to Warrants from HENRY RUST, Esq. Treasurer of the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Townships of unimproved Lands in the County of Oxford, for the following County Tax for the years of our LORD eighteen hundred and twenty-four and twenty-five, viz:—

Township No. 2. Letter A. for 1824,	6	65
do. for 1825,	7	60
do. No. 2, 2 Ranges, for 1825,	6	14
do. No. 4, 3 Ranges, for 1825,	5	60

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, *Sheriff of Oxford County.*

Hebron, November 28, A. D. 1826.

*6w 126

ASA BARTON,

AGENT FOR THE

New-England Insurance Company,

Capital 200,000 Dollars,

continues to issue Polices at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the *OXFORD BOOKSTORE.*

Norway, Dec. 14.

STRAYED

FROM the subscriber one *Black* HEIFER, and one *Red* STEER, one year old, and three *Heifer* CALVES. Whoever will give information of said Cattle, shall be rewarded by SAMUEL RAWSON.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1826. 127

FOR SALE,

A FARM within two miles of the Court House, in Paris, containing 30 acres improved, and 30 acres excellent Wood Land, having a new two-story Dwelling-house and Barn, a good Well of Water, a thrifty young Orchard, 200 rods Stone Wall, and other good Fences, and cuts 15 tons Hay.

Also—A valuable STAND on Paris Hill, consisting of about 3 acres of Land, a large two-story House, a new Stable and out buidings, a Blacksmith's Shop, Coal-house, &c. being an excellent Stand for a Tavern or Blacksmith.

Also—100 acres Wild LAND, well Timbered, within half a mile of Washburn's Mills, in Paris, lying on a good road.

Also—150 acres Wild LAND, being Lot No. 7—in 8th Range, in Paris, two miles from the Court House.

Also—130 acres Wild LAND, in Newry, half a mile from Killgore's Mills, a good Settling Lot.

☞TERMS OF SALE—Liberal—and if not sold at Private Sale by 15th January next, a part or the whole will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House, in Paris, on that day, at one o'clock P. M.

☞All persons indebted to the subscriber, whose notes or accounts are of more than one year's standing, are requested to make payment by 15th January next; otherwise their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection. JACOB JACKSON.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1826. 127

FOR SALE

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

150 BUSHELS GOOD CORN;
300 do. do. RYE;
100 do. do. WHEAT.

—ALSO—

60 M. good Laying SHINGLES:

which will be sold low for Cash or Six Months' Credit, good security.

JOHN R. BRIGGS.

Woodstock, Oct. 30, 1826. tf 122

NEW STORE.

New Goods.

JOSEPH HARROD

IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive assortment of

English, French, India,

& American

PIECE GOODS.

—LIKEWISE—

A great variety of Common, Fine, Super and Extra Superfine

Kidderminster Carpetings,

with Medalion and Drop Figures.

VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR

CARPETS,

HEARTH RUGS.

Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—

Dutch Bolting Cloths,

from No. 4, to 12,

At the *NEW STORE*, corner of *Exchange* and *Middle-streets.*

Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. tf 125

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday the thirtieth day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the House of ELI LONGLEY, Jr. Innholder, in this town; all the right in Equity which the said Eli Longley, Jr. has in redeeming the following Real Estate, viz:—

The FARM on which the said Longley now lives, being the Homestead with all the buildings thereon.—The amount for which the same has been mortgaged, which is much less than its value, and also the terms of the sale, will be made known at the time and place.

WM. MORSE, Jr. *Deputy Sheriff.*

Waterford, Nov. 28, 1826. 127

PROPOSALS for printing by subscription, a Book, entitled, *An Apology for believing in Universal Reconciliation:* Or, An Appeal from the inferior court of Bigotry, Superstition, Ignorance, and Unbelief—to the supreme court of Proper Candor, Sound Reason, Good Understanding, and True Faith. Also, *A Key to the Book of Revelation*, and short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

CONDITIONS.—The Book to contain about 200 pages of small 12mo. The price to Subscribers, if bound, 62 1-2 cents, but if half bound, 50 cents: to be paid when the Books are delivered. Those who subscribe for 5, to have the 9th gratis, and those who subscribe for 40, to have 8 gratis, and so for any higher number.

☞As the author is out of health, so that he cannot go abroad to do business: and as the work cannot be printed till subscriptions are obtained sufficient to meet the expenses, he solicits his friends and brethren, to use their endeavors to obtain subscriptions for said work, and forward the same to him at Buckfield, or to Buckfield Village, by the first of February next.

☞*Subscriptions for the above Work, will be received at the Oxford Bookstore.*

THE BOWER.

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A wail was heard around the bed, the death bed of the young;
Amid her tears, the Funeral Chant, a mournful mother sung—
Ianthis, dost thou sleep? thou sleepest, but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm I've pillowed on my breast.
I lulled thee not to this repose, Ianthis, my sweet son!
As in thy childhood's glowing time, by twilight I have done.
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now,
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?
I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave,
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave.
Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon glance that in it loved to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step that seemed on breezes borne,
When to my couch I came and said, wake, hunter! wake, 'tis morn!
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower, untouched by slow decay,
And I the withered stem remain—I would that grief might slay!
Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that this would be.
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee.
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;
A voice came whispering to my soul and told me thou must die:
That thou must die, thou fearless one, where swords were flashing red—
Why doth a mother live to say, my first born and my dead!
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won;
Speak thou! and I will hear, my child! Ianthis! my sweet son!

A wail was heard around the bed, the death bed of the young,
A fair haired bride, the Funeral Chant, amidst her weeping sung—
Ianthis! look'st thou not on me! can love indeed be fled?
When was it we before to gaze upon thy stately head?
I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
And stood, as woman oft hath stood, where faithful hearts are proved.
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side;
It would have been a blessed thing, together had we died.
But where was I, when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword;
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the Saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wast lying low the while, the life drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain spring—And couldst thou thus depart?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?
Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death.
Yes, I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread.
But not where noble blood poured forth, where sounding javelins flew,—
Why did I hear love's first sweet words and not it's last adieu.
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what hour, what tone?
The blue skies fade with all their lights—they fade since thou art gone:
Even *that* must leave me, that still face by all my tears unmoved—
Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis, my beloved!

A wail was heard around the death bed of the young,
Amidst her tears, the Funeral Chant, a mournful sister sung—
Ianthis! brother of my soul, Oh! where are now the days
That laughed among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays?
When we two sported by the streams, or tacked them to their source,
And like the stag's, the rock along, was thy free fearless course.
I see the pine, there waving yet, I see the rills descend;
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!
I come with flowers, for Spring is come: Ianthis, art thou *here?*
I bring the garlands she hath brought—I cast them on thy bier.
Thou should'st be crowned with victory's crown, but Oh! more meet they seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream:
More meet for one thus fondly loved, and laid thus early low:
Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face, amidst the sunshine's glow,
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send;
Wo! that it smiles and not on thee, my brother and my friend!

THE OLIO.

TRIFLE NOT WITH WOMAN'S LOVE.

Social intercourse with virtuous females is the only true happiness allotted to man—in their sweet society, the sorrow and gloom of the world disappears, and the sunshine of true delight sheds a pleasing halo around the circle; in such society man forgets his cares; transported beyond the vulgar precincts of the world, he moves in a paradise of celestial charms—from such a circle, and from such society man selects a partner of his future life; that alone his object, his eye and heart, can easily distinguish the being—that lovely, kind, attentive being, who follows man through evil and through good report—that being whose bosom contains every virtue calculated to render man a happy and contented being. Any other motive than this reduces man to the level of the brute creation—or like satan in the garden of Eden, he creeps into the paradise, to pluck and devour its blooming flowers.

The man who can deliberately win the affections of a female and as deliberately leave her to the reflection of his own baseness, is less than a brute—aye, more insignificant and debased than the meanest reptile that crawls the earth.

A female's heart is the seat of warm and pure affection. It can be fanned into a blaze of love and yield up its power—aye, even itself to the man, whose arts stole it gradually away.

Love is a feeling, which reciprocal growth will render part of our nature, and like the vine twining itself around the mighty oak, will, in time, become inseparable—and who is he? what is he? that will endeavor to gain the affections of an unsuspecting female—win her to his love by oaths and protestations—get her blushing consent to be his—his on the face of heaven and earth, and then leave her? Leave her in the midst of her dreams of future happiness—leave her in the pleasing anticipations of a long life devoted to him she adores—leave her a victim to her credulity, and perhaps a victim to the power of love—that love she unknowingly casts on a wretch. Where is he? who dare unblushingly avow this, and this alone to be his object? Where is the man who can look in the face of virtue and build in his own heart a fabric for its destruction? Show me that man, and I will show you the veriest slave, the vilest wretch that moves with life on earth's brightest surface. Show me that man, and I will point out the seducer of females in the garb of a foul fiend—one bereft of every feeling—destitute of every virtue, and like the angel of darkness prowling about the earth seeking whom he may devour. Frail, puny man—view for a moment the desolation of a broken heart—the annihilation of every pleasing dream—and, alas! the maniac being of his delusive and villanous arts, and then ask. Is this my work? am I the cause of such distress and trouble?

The few short years of that man's life, will be filled with retributive justice—and as he moves on, the hisses of serpents, the mother's curse, will reach his ear, and wild distraction claim the last remnants of vice's wretched wreck. This ends the life of him who "trifles with a woman's love"—hers more wretched in mental distraction, his awful in human destruction, clinging to the remnant of his days, like the poor mariner to the frail plank in the whirlwind of the ocean.—*Phil. Sat. Eve. Post.*

[From the American Atheneum.]

COURTSHIP.

I cannot, for my own part, divine how poor lovers get through with all the difficulties they have to encounter in their progress to the hearts of the fair. The Hesperian fruit is so guarded—so many Hydra-headed monsters start up in the way, that it appears to me they must have nerves of iron, and invincible courage to persevere in their undertakings.

Though supposed to possess a competent share of "modest assurance" myself, I am convinced, could the dear tormentS know how my heart has quailed and shrunk within me upon entering their augtust presence, they would give me credit for much resolution, and do what they could to allevate my sufferngs.i

There is the appalling fear that your visit may not be well timed; there is the ceremonious civility of the father; the negative demeanor of the mother; the suppressing tittering of the sister; the quzzical face of the brother: there sits the sagacious aunt, or more sagacious grandmother, with spectacled nose, over which the eyes glance portentious; there, too, the uncle, worldly wise; or grandpapa, formidable in experienced sayings. Nephews, and nieces, and cousins, "in long array a numerous host," arise to your perturbed imagination; not to please the least of which is death to your hopes.

Then there is the *rival*, (odious name,) with whom you may despair or disdain to enter into competition; on whom the sunny smile of the contested fair falls radiant, lighting his face in triumph, while you are doomed to the averted aspect, or the uninterrogating monosyllabic conversation. Perhaps your generous bosom scorns to be made subject to the harrassing, debasing feelings of jealousy, or to entertain ill will against one whose only offence is a too close agreement or opinion and taste with yourself, and in preference you are induced to relinquish the prize; to abandon the presence of the loved one.

Next comes the chance of cautious suggestions from some too friendly quarter; and misrepresentation defeats your hopes, or prejudice places insurmountable barriers in your way. Misunderstandings from maiden delicacy on the one side; and diffidence (say not pride) on the other, often defeat the first efforts of opening love. Assumed boldness, or fancied neglect; the necessity of disguise, or the fear of premature disclosure, and the thousand doubts and uncertainties to which these give rise, keep the heart in a sad state of agitation and embarrassment.

Much depends upon the peculiar cast of mind of her on whom your attention is fixed; if light, and unsteady, you, of course, soon turn away from perfect beauty; but perhaps your charmer, whose character is in fact inestimable, has pictured to herself some high-wro't image of perfection—some ivory statue of her own exquisite workmanship has possession of her fancy, and experience has not yet taught her it can never breathe into existence; not yet suggested that the human mind may form ideas of excellence humanity can never attain to, and that the imperfect should allow for imperfection. Descriptions of character drawn from some well approved novel are adopted as models; some fanciful Maria Porter, or Maturin, has delighted their *beau ideal*, and the humility of self knowledge shrinks from the hand standard.

The imagination having taken this turn, though it apes the appearance of prudence, caution, and sagacity, it betrays us into many errors. The formality and external correctness of some acquaintance serve well to awaken the idea of a Sir Charles Grandison; and the block fairly fixed, is robed with Richardson's best applause. Dullness passes for reflection, timidity for magnanimity, sobriety for piety, a want of spirit for good temper; while the accomplishments in which Richardson's hero, in fact, excelled—the polish forming the external finish of the character, often awakes the suspicion of lightness or *superficiality*; "all is not gold that glitters," is a favorite maxim; true, indeed, but I answer, *gold always glitters.*

The happiness of domestic life will depend chiefly upon the qualities of good humor, good sense, honorable, warm, and benevolent feelings, aided and secured by elevated views, and fixed principles, together with delicacy, and refinement of thought and manner; if to these are superadded talents and information, I know not the person who ought to ask for more.

There remains to mention another grand obstacle to the success of the lover, resulting from female delicacy and the cares and troubles of a marriage state: and here I should be tempted to exclaim with the French enthusiast, "dear, suffering woman! let us recompense thee for all thou sustainest, as far as is within our power, by rendering thy person *sacred.*" But the content of celibacy is selfish, and its condition solitary and austere: there is more true delight in one hour's interchange of kind affections, and refined and devoted love, than in an age of unmarried existence.

A BACHELOR.

INGENUITY OF LOVE. The following ingenious contrivance was adopted by a couple of lovers at the west end of the town not long since. The young lady, who was of a highly respectable family, having formed an attachment contrary to the inclination and intention of her father, the lovers were at a loss how to carry on their correspondence; at length, aided by the father's hair-dresser, no unusual agent of Cupid, they adopted the following mode of communicating by letter, and escaping the vigilant eye of the watchful parent; and, singular as it may appear, the old gentleman's wig was made the medium of carrying her letters; attached to his wig he wore a bag; this the young lady used to take off every night when he called for his night-cap, and here she never failed to find a billet, which had been previously deposited there by the hair-dresser, and which the father had carried about all day. She had thus always time to peruse her letter, and replace it with an answer, which was in due course taken away by the barber on the following morning, and delivered to the lover. This mode of corresponding enabled them to arrange and effect an elopement, and they were some time since married at Gretna-green. On their return, the father adopted the old proverb, "what can't be cured must be endured!" The lady was pardoned her indiscretion, and they are now living happily under the sanction of the Lady's parents, and the wig is now preserved as a sacred relict.—*London pap.*

YORKSHIRE ANECDOTE. A Lancastershire man and a Yorkshire man, disputing about the superiority of their respective soils; the former said, that the grass grew so fast in his country, that if you turned a horse into a new-mown meadow at night, you would not see his *foot-locks* next morning. That (replied the latter) does not at all equal the rapidity of vegetation in Yorkshire—for were you to try that experiment there, it is not probable that you would *see the horse*, next morning!

STEPHEN EMERY,

Counsellor and Attorney at Law,

WILL continue in the practice of his profession at Paris, in the County of Oxford, as circumstances have occurred to prevent his contemplated removal.

Paris, Nov. 27, 1826. 126

Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the

Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827.

Also, for sale by Thomas Crocker, Esq. and Maj. John Dennett, *Paris*, and Mr. Increase Robinson, *Norway*. *Nov.* 16.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his STAND, at *Washburn's Mills* (so called) in Paris,

—CONSISTING OF—

Two Acres of good LAND; a Two-story DWELLING-HOUSE, one part finished for a Store; with a good BARN, SHED, and other conveniences;—*also*, a POTASH. The House has a good Porch attached to it, with a good Cellar and never-failing Well of Water.—This place is eligibly situated for a Trader or Mechanic. Said Stand will be sold on favorable Terms, and a long Credit will be given with good security.

If said Stand is not sold at private sale, it will be offered at Auction on Monday the eighteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Sale to be on the premises.—At the same time and place will be sold at Public Auction, a variety of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, CARPENTER'S and JOINER'S TOOLS, &c. &c.

DANIEL BROCK.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1826. 126

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Executors of the last Will and Testament of

ISAAC LITTLEHALE,

late of Newry, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to JOSHUA LITTLEHALE,
BETSEY LITTLEHALE.

Newry, Oct. 10, 1826. *127

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*—

Ballou's Notes on the Parables, new edition;
Winchester's Dialogues;
Kneeland's Sermons on Divine Benevolence;
Ballou's Review;
Kneeland's and McCalla's Controversy on the question of Endless Misery;
Balfour's Inquiry;
Universalists' Hymn Books;
Union of Christ and the Church;
Sermons, &c. *Nov.* 29.

STATE OF MAINE.

To STEPHEN CHASE, *Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Oxford.*

WE the subscribers, five of the Proprietors of the township of Lovell and the township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, deeming a meeting of said Proprietors of the townships aforesaid necessary, do hereby apply to you for a warrant to call a meeting of said Proprietors, to be holden at the dwelling-house of *John Wood*, in Fryeburg, in said County of Oxford, on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the following purposes, viz:—

1st. To choose a Moderator.

2d. To choose a Clerk, Treasurer, and all such officers as may be needful to transact the business of said Proprietors.

3d. To accept the reports of Committees who have been heretofore appointed to lay out their lands in Lots, and other purposes.

4th. To raise such sum or sums of money as will be necessary to defray the expenses of the Proprietors, and to pay all the debts incurred.

5th. To determine whether the Proprietors will sell the residue of their Lands, or Timber, or any part thereof, or both, in said townships, to defray the expenses and demands against said Proprietors, and if so, to fix upon the manner of disposing of the same.

6th. To act upon all such matters and things as shall be deemed necessary to close and finally finish the concerns of the Proprietors.

JOHN WOOD,
SAMUEL NEVERS,
BENJAMIN WEBBER,
ROBERT PAGE,
ROBERT BRADLEY.

Fryeburg, November 13, 1826.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss. *To* JOHN WOOD, *of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, one of the Proprietors of the township of Lovell and of the township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, and one of the subscribers of the foregoing application.*

[L. S.]

In the name of the State of Maine, you are hereby required to notify and warn the Proprietors of the township of Lovell and township of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, to meet at the time and place, and for the purposes expressed in the foregoing application, and to act upon the several articles mentioned therein, and you are required to make due return of this warrant, and of your doings thereon, to the said Proprietors at their said meeting.

Given under my hand and seal this fifteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

STEPHEN CHASE, *Just. Peace.*

A true Copy: Attest, JOHN WOOD.

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. JOHN WHIPPLE.

Hooksett, June, 1823.

☞For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the *Oxford Bookstore*.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND Stationary,

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

MORSE'S, Cummings', Adams', Goldsmith's, Woodbridge's and Worcester's GEOGRAPHY and ATLAS; Cummings' Easy Lessons; Perry's, Walker's, and Johnson's DICTIONARIES; Murray's, Fisk's, and Ingersol's GRAMMARS; Young Ladies' Accidence; Whelpley's Compend, with Questions; Scott's Lessons; English Reader; American Preceptor; Columbian Orator; Murray's Introduction; Murray's Sequel; Evangelical Instructor; Museum; Student's Companion, *new edition*; Pike's, Walsh's, Bezout's and Kinne's ARITHMETICS; Webster's and Goodale's SPELLING BOOKS; Scholar's First Book; with most School Books used in this part of the State—All of which will be sold cheap, either by the dozen or single.

ALSO,—Writing and Cyphering Books; Quills; Ink Powder; Slates and Pencils; Paper, &c. *Nov.* 16.

Capt. John Evans' Estate.

THE subscribers have been commissioned by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and allow claims upon the estate of JOHN EVANS, late of Fryeburg, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, and will attend to that service, at the office of STEPHEN CHASE, Esq. in said Fryeburg, on the second Monday of January and on the second Monday of February next. Claims, to be allowed, must be proved.

JOHN STUART BARROWS,
HENRY C. BUSWELL.

Fryeburg, Nov. 13, 1826. 125

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN

Anodyne Liniment, OR, LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma, for hard, dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or otherwise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness which has recently occurred, and for pains and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.

I the subscriber do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skilful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of GOD on this excellent preparation, that I am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise." LEVI CLARK.

Franklin, Sept. 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.

CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

☞Sold Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON, at the *Oxford Bookstore*, who is agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Proprietor at Sullivan, Me. by the principal Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield, Smith and Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston. o3wly 125

ANDERSON'S COUGH DROPS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of this [illegible] dicine for the cure of *Coughs* and *Consumptions*, has just been received and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, both in large and small bottles.—It is deemed wholly unnecessary to insert any of the numerous Certificates given in favor of this truly valuable Medicine, as the numerous calls for it by the afflicted fully test the estimation in which it is held by the public.

Price—Large bottles, one dollar—Small do. fifty cents. *Nov.* 16.

CASH paid for RAGS, at the *Oxford Bookstore*. *Nov.* 29.

The Observer

Is published every Thursday morning, by
ASA BARTON,
(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay *cash* within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

☞The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.